منزل پاکستان

میرا ایمان ھے پاکستان

The Satan’s Advisory Council – ابليس كي مجلس شوري

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The following poem titled “ابليس كي مجلس شوري” (The Satan’s Advisory Council) is taken from Allama Iqbal’s book “ارمغان حجاز” (Armaghan-e-Hijaz).

A little about Armaghan-e-Hijaz: This work, published a few months after the poet’s death, is a fairly small volume containing verses in both Persian and Urdu. It is incomplete, although this is not readily apparent to the reader; for Iqbal left some gaps in the book which he intended to fill when he made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

The title means “Gift from the Hijaz.” He had long wished to undertake the journey to the Arabian Peninsula to perform the Hajj and to visit the tomb of the Prophet, but was prevented from doing so by continuous illness during the last years of his life. Iqbal began composing the Armaghan as a gift to take to the Hijaz, intending to publish it on his return to India as a “Gift from the Hijaz” to his countrymen.

In this, his last work, we find the poet more withdrawn and introspective than previously. The poems are shorter and more personal. The impression left is that the author is taking a last look at the world around him before leaving it behind. The themes are largely the familiar ones, but the treatment is as fresh, forceful and delicate as ever.

Iqbal’s outspokenness, even when addressing God, in criticizing human evils and in his hatred of injustice and oppression and his devotion to the Prophet and his companions, all remain undiminished. As a summing-up of the ideas and feelings of a great thinker, the Armaghan merits a special place among the literary classics of the twentieth century.

It is divided into two parts, the first containing Persian, the second Urdu poems. The Persian verses, all in ruba’i form, are divided into five groups and present God, the Truth, the Prophet, the Muslim nation, Mankind and the “Companions on the Path to God.”

The second part comprises Urdu poems composed between 1935 and the time of his death and include a poem describing the ideological confusion of the poet’s time and its impact on Muslims.

In this work, Iqbal touches on practically every question with which he had been preoccupied during his life of intellectual striving and literary achievement.

The poems which comprise this final work give the impression that the writer has at last found the tranquility he had for so long sought:

The song that has gone may come again – or may not.

A fresh breeze may come from Hijaz – or may not.

The days of this poor humble man are ended;

Another knower of secrets may come – or may not.

ابليس كي مجلس شوري

SATAN This ancient game of elements, this base world! The frustration of the longings of the great Empyrean’s dwellers. Upon its destruction is bent to-day that Fashioner of things, Who gave it the name, “The world of Be it so.” I inspired in the European the dream of Imperialism: I broke the spell of the Mosque, the Temple and the Church. I taught the destitute to believe in Destiny: I infused into the wealthy the craze for Capitalism. Who dare extinguish the blazing fire in him, Whose tumults are stimulated by the inherent passion of Satan? Who could summon the courage to bend down the old tree, Whose branches their height to our watering owe?	**ابليس** يہ عناصر کا پرانا کھيل، يہ دنيائے دوں ساکنان عرش اعظم کي تمناؤں کا خوں! اس کي بربادي پہ آج آمادہ ہے وہ کارساز جس نے اس کا نام رکھا تھا جہان کاف و نوں ميں نے دکھلايا فرنگي کو ملوکيت کا خواب ميں نے توڑا مسجد و دير و کليسا کا فسوں ميں نے ناداروں کو سکھلايا سبق تقدير کا ميں نے مُنعِم کو ديا سرمايہ داري کا جنوں کون کر سکتا ہے اس کي آتش سوزاں کو سرد جس کے ہنگاموں ميں ہو ابليس کا سوز دروں جس کي شاخيں ہوں ہماري آبياري سے بلند کون کر سکتا ہے اس نخل کہن کو سرنگوں!
FIRST COUNCILOR Stable is the Satanic system, no doubt there is! It has further strengthened in the commoners their slavishness indeed. Since the dawn of Time have these helpless mortals been ordained to prostration: Prayer devoid of the posture of standing erect is their nature’s constant urge. In their heart no desire can in fact take its	پہلا مشير اس ميں کيا شک ہے کہ محکم ہے يہ ابليسي نظام پختہ تر اس سے ہوئے خوئے غلامي ميں عوام ہے ازل سے ان غريبوں کے مقدر ميں سجود ان کي فطرت کا تقاضا ہے نماز بے قيام

birth: But if it does, perchance, it dies or is left unripe. What wonders have our hard, persistent endeavours wrought! To-day finds the mystics and the priests all as subjects of Imperialism. Suited to the disposition of the East was this opium indeed: Otherwise Ilm-i-Kalam is no less self-effacing than qawwali in effect. What matters it, if the tumult of the pilgrimage and tawaf abides? For, rendered blunt, lies unused the unsheathed sword of the Faithful. Whose despair does this latest Ordinance prove: “To the Muslim in this age is forbidden fighting in Lord’s name”?	آرزو اول تو پیدا ہو نہیں سکتي کہیں ہو کہیں پیدا تو مر جاتي ہے یا رہتي ہے خام یہ ہماري سعي پیہم کي کرامت ہے کہ آج صوفي و ملا ملوکیت کے بندے ہیں تمام طبع مشرق کے لیے موزوں یہي افیون تھي ورنہ ‘قوالي’ سے کچھ کم تر نہیں ‘علم کلام’! ہے طواف و حج کا ہنگامہ اگر باقي تو کیا کند ہو کر رہ گئي مومن کي تیغ بے نیام کس کي نومیدي پہ حجت ہے یہ فرمان جدید؟ ‘ہے جہاد اس دور میں مرد مسلماں پر حرام’!
SECOND COUNCILOR Is the clamour for “Government by the people” evil or good? Art thou unaware of the fresh mischiefs of the world?	دوسرا مشیر خیر ہے سلطاني جمہور کا غوغا کہ شر تو جہاں کے تازہ فتنوں سے نہیں ہے با خبر!
FIRST COUNCILOR Aware am I! but tells me my cosmic foresight: No danger from what is but a masquerade for imperialism. We ourselves have dressed imperialism in the garb of democracy When man has grown to be a little self-conscious and self-observant. The true nature of the system of imperialism lies elsewhere: It depends not on the existence of an individual leader or a king. Be it a national assembly or the court of Parviz, Whoever casts a covetous eye on other’s harvest is a king. Hast thou not observed the democratic system of the West? With a brilliant exterior, its interior is	پہلا مشیر ہوں، مگر میري جہاں بیني بتاتي ہے مجھے جو ملوکیت کا اک پردہ ہو، کیا اس سے خطر! ہم نے خود شاہي کو پہنایا ہے جمہوري لباس جب ذرا آدم ہوا ہے خود شناس و خود نگر کاروبار شہریاري کي حقیقت اور ہے یہ وجود میر و سلطاں پر نہیں ہے منحصر مجلس ملت ہو یا پرویز کا دربار ہو ہے وہ سلطاں، غیر کي کھیتي پہ ہو جس کي نظر تو نے کیا دیکھا نہیں مغرب کا جمہوري نظام چہرہ روشن، اندروں چنگیز سے تاریک تر!

darker than Genghis'.	
THIRD COUNCILOR No cause for anxiety then, if the spirit of imperialism be preserved: But what counter-measure to the mischief wrought by that Jew have you? That Moses without Light, that Jesus without the Cross: No prophet is he, yet with him a book he carries. I can hardly explain what significance does the infidel penetrating vision possess: It is, methinks, the day of reckoning for the peoples of the East and the West. No greater corruption of human nature than this would be: Slaves have broken asunder the ropes of the masters' tents.	تیسرا مشیر روح سلطاني رہے باقي تو پھر کیا اضطراب ہے مگر کیا اس یہودي کي شرارت کا جواب؟ وہ کلیم بے تجلي، وہ مسیح بے صلیب نیست پیغمبر و لیکن در بغل دارد کتاب کیا بتاؤں کیا ہے کافر کي نگاہ پردہ سوز مشرق و مغرب کي قوموں کے لیے روز حساب! اس سے بڑھ کر اور کیا ہوگا طبیعت کا فساد توڑ دي بندوں نے آقاؤں کے خیموں کي طناب!
FOURTH COUNCILOR Watch its counteraction in the palaces of Imperial Rome: Again did we inspire in the descendants of Caesar the dream of Caesar. Who is coiled round the waves of the Mediterranean? That now expands like a pine, and then wails like a rebeck!	چوتھا مشیر توڑ اس کا رومہ الکبرے کے ایوانوں میں دیکھ آل سیزر کو دکھایا ہم نے پھر سیزر کا خواب (مسولیني اٹلي) کون بحر روم کي موجوں سے ہے لپٹا ہوا 'گاہ بالد چوں صنوبر، گاہ نالد چوں رباب'
THIRD COUNCILOR Little do I recognize him to be a man of far-sighted wisdom: (A fool!) who has thus European politics exposed.	تیسرا مشیر میں تو اس کي عاقبت بیني کا کچھ قائل نہیں جس نے افرنگي سیاست کو کیا یوں بے حجاب
FIFTH COUNCILOR (TURNING TO SATAN) O thou! the fire of whose breath lends stability to the world-process: Whenever thou wished, everything hidden presently did thou reveal. It is thy fire that has transformed dead earth and water into a world of beauty and endeavour: Inspired by thy instruction, the fool of	پانچواں مشیر (ابلیس کو مخاطب کرکے) اے ترے سوز نفس سے کار عالم استوار! تو نے جب چاہا، کیا ہر پردگي کو آشکار آب و گل تیري حرارت سے جہان سوز و ساز

Paradise turns a seer. More closely familiar with man's nature than thee is not He: Who among the simpletons is known as God the Sustainer. Those whose business was confined to sanctifying, singing hymns and going round: Thy sense of self-respect has out them to shame for ever, with their heads hanging low. Though the wizards of Europe all are disciples to thee: No longer have I faith in their sagacity left. That Jew, that mischief-maker, that reincarnation of Mazdak: Each tunic is about to be torn to shreds by his fanaticism. Behold! the wild crow is vying with the falcon and the hyena: Lo, how swiftly does the disposition of Time allow of a change! It spread about, and covered the whole expanse of skies: What we unwisely had taken for a handful of dust. Such is the state of the ghastly dread of the morrow's disturbance: To-day tremble with overwhelming awe, mountains, meadows and rivers all. That world is going to turn topsy-turvy, my Lord! The world which resteth solely on thy governance.	ابلہ جنت تري تعليم سے دانائے کار تجھ سے بڑھ کر فطرت آدم کا وہ محرم نہيں سادہ دل بندوں ميں جو مشہور ہے پروردگار کام تھا جن کا فقط تقديس و تسبيح و طواف تيري غيرت سے ابد تک سرنگون و شرمسار گرچہ ہيں تيرے مريد افرنگ کے ساحر تمام اب مجھے ان کي فراست پر نہيں ہے اعتبار وہ يہودي فتنہ گر، وہ روح مزدک کا بروز ہر قبا ہونے کو ہے اس کے جنوں سے تار تار زاغ دشتي ہو رہا ہے ہمسر شاہين و چرغ کتني سرعت سے بدلتا ہے مزاج روزگار چھا گئي آشفتہ ہو کر وسعت افلاک پر جس کو ناداني سے ہم سمجھے تھے اک مشت غبار فتنہء فردا کي ہيبت کا يہ عالم ہے کہ آج کانپتے ہيں کوہسار و مرغزار و جوئبار ميرے آقا! وہ جہاں زير و زبر ہونے کو ہے جس جہاں کا ہے فقط تيري سيادت پر مدار
SATAN (TO HIS COUNCILORS) Absolute command have I of the world of scent and hue! The earth, the sun, the moon and the firmaments all! With their own eyes shall the West and the East witness the Spectacle: When I but warm the blood of the nations of Europe. The leaders of politics and the patriarchs of church all: One call from me would be enough to turn	ابليس (اپنے مشيروں سے) ہے مرے دست تصرف ميں جہان رنگ و بو کيا زميں، کيا مہر و مہ، کيا آسمان تو بتو ديکھ ليں گے اپني آنکھوں سے تماشا غرب و شرق ميں نے جب گرما ديا اقوام يورپ کا لہو کيا امامان سياست، کيا کليسا کے شيوخ سب کو ديوانہ بنا سکتي ہے ميري ايک ہو

them mad.	
The fool who considers it to be mere glass-work: Let him dare smash the goblets and ewers of this Civilization.	کارگاہ شيشہ جو ناداں سمجھتا ہے اسے توڑ کر ديکھے تو اس تہذيب کے جام و سبو!
The collars torn asunder by the hand of Nature: Can’t be darned with the needle of the Mazdakite logic.	دست فطرت نے کيا ہے جن گريبانوں کو چاک مزدکي منطق کي سوزن سے نہيں ہوتے رفو
How could I be frightened by these Socialists, straying about the streets? Wretched and straitened, distracted in mind, incoherent in speech!	کب ڈرا سکتے ہيں مجھ کو اشتراکي کوچہ گرد يہ پريشاں روزگار، آشفتہ مغز، آشفتہ مو
The only menace I anticipate may come that community: Which still a spark of ambition hidden in its ashes retains.	ہے اگر مجھ کو خطر کوئي تو اس امت سے ہے جس کي خاکستر ميں ہے اب تک شرار آرزو
Amongst this people there are still to be seen a few Who go so far as to perform their ablutions with the tears of pre-morning hours.	خال خال اس قوم ميں اب تک نظر آتے ہيں وہ کرتے ہيں اشک سحر گاہي سے جو ظالم وضو
Knows he to whom are revealed the inner secrets of Time: Not Mazdakism, but Islam is to be the trouble of the morrow.	جانتا ہے، جس پہ روشن باطن ايام ہے مزدکيت فتنہ فردا نہيں، اسلام ہے!
(2)	(2)
I do know this community is no longer the bearer of the Quran: The same Capitalism is the religion of the Believer now.	جانتا ہوں ميں يہ امت حامل قرآں نہيں ہے وہي سرمايہ داري بندہ مومن کا ديں
And I know, too, that in the dark night of the East The sleeve of the holy ones of the Sanctuary is bereft of the white, illuminating hand.	جانتا ہوں ميں کہ مشرق کي اندھيري رات ميں بے يد بيضا ہے پيران حرم کي آستيں
The demands of the present age, however, spell the apprehension: Lest the Shari‘ah of the Prophet should come to light one day:	عصر حاضر کے تقاضاؤں سے ہے ليکن يہ خوف ہو نہ جائے آشکارا شرع پيغمبر کہيں
Beware, a hundred times beware, of the Law of the Prophet!— The protector of women’s honour, the tester of men’s capacities, the rearer of worthy men!	الحذر! آئين پيغمبر سے سو بار الحذر! حافظ ناموس زن، مرد آزما، مرد آفريں
The message of death to any kind of slavery!	موت کا پيغام ہر نوع غلامي کے ليے نے کوئي فغفور و خاقاں، نے فقير رہ نشيں

No sovereigns and no monarchs, no mendicants begging! It does purify wealth of all pollution: It makes the wealthy trustees of wealth and property. What greater revolution in thought and action will there be: Not to the crowned heads, but to God alone does this Earth belong!	کرتا ہے دولت کو ہر آلودگي سے پاک صاف منعموں کو مال و دولت کا بناتا ہے امیں اس سے بڑھ کر اور کیا فکر و عمل کا انقلاب پادشاہوں کي نہیں، اللہ کي ہے یہ زمیں!
Better, if this Law be kept hidden from the world's eye: So much the better, the Believer himself is deprived of inner conviction.	چشم عالم سے رہے پوشیدہ یہ آئیں تو خوب یہ غنیمت ہے کہ خود مومن ہے محروم یقیں
Better that he remains busy and entangled in the metaphysical theology: Better, that he remains busy and entangled in the interpretations of the Book of God.	ہے یہي بہتر الہیات میں الجھا رہے یہ کتاب اللہ کي تاویلات میں الجھا رہے
(3)	(3)
Whose cries of 'God is Most High' could break the charm of the universe: May the dark night of that God-thinking man not ever turn bright! (The question he should be thinking about should be, like these)	توڑ ڈالیں جس کي تکبیریں طلسم شش جہات ہو نہ روشن اس خدا اندیش کي تاریک رات
Is the Son of Mary dead or is he endowed with eternal life? Are the Attributes of God separate from God, or do they form what He is? Does the 'Expected' mean Jesus of Nazareth? Or a Renewer, endowed with the attributes of the Son of Mary?	ابن مریم مر گیا یا زندہ جاوید ہے ہیں صفات ذات حق، حق سے جدا یا عین ذات؟ آنے والے سے مسیح ناصري مقصود ہے یا مجدد، جس میں ہوں فرزند مریم کے صفات؟
Are the letters of the Word of God New or of Old? In which of the doctrines does the salvation of the Blessed Community lie? Are not enough to the Faithful in this age: These idols of worship carved by Metaphysical Theology?	ہیں کلام اللہ کے الفاظ حادث یا قدیم امت مرحوم کي ہے کس عقیدے میں نجات؟ کیا مسلماں کے لیے کافي نہیں اس دور میں یہ الہیات کے ترشے ہوئے لات و منات؟
You [Satan/ Iblees] keep him unaware from the world of Kirdaar [goodly manners and etiquettes –makaaramal akhlaq]	تم اسے بیگانہ رکھو عالم کردار سے تا بساط زندگي میں اس کے سب مہرے ہوں مات

So that in the Chess-game of [practical] life all the pawns of his might be checked, blocked or 'killed'	
Our safety lies in that Believer remains a slave till Doomsday: Renouncing this transitory world for others' sake.	خير اسي ميں ہے، قيامت تک رہے مومن غلام چھوڑ کر اوروں کي خاطر يہ جہان بے ثبات
What is good in his case is that poetry and mysticism Which may keep hidden from his eyes the game of Life.	ہے وہي شعر و تصوف اس کے حق ميں خوب تر جو چھپا دے اس کي آنکھوں سے تماشائے حيات
Every moment do I dread the awakening of this community Whose religion is, in reality, nothing short of taking account of the universe.	ہر نفس ڈرتا ہوں اس امت کي بيداري سے ميں ہے حقيقت جس کے ديں کي احتساب کائنات
Keep him well absorbed in the thought and contemplation of God in pre-morning hours: Ye all make him grow stronger in his monastic disposition! [Translated by Muhammad Ashraf]	مست رکھو ذکر و فکر صبحگاہي ميں اسے پختہ تر کر دو مزاج خانقاہي ميں اسے

Comment: Just replace the word ابلیس or Satan with New World Order, keep in mind the war on terror and then read the poem again; extremism, fundamentalism, Islamic radicalism are actually terms coined because of this fear --> الحذر! آئین پیغمبر سے سو بار الحذر

Reference Source: Iqbal Academy Pakistan website (http://www.allamaiqbal.com)

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